Settling the fate of the treacherous Turk, page 1786.

Modern Life

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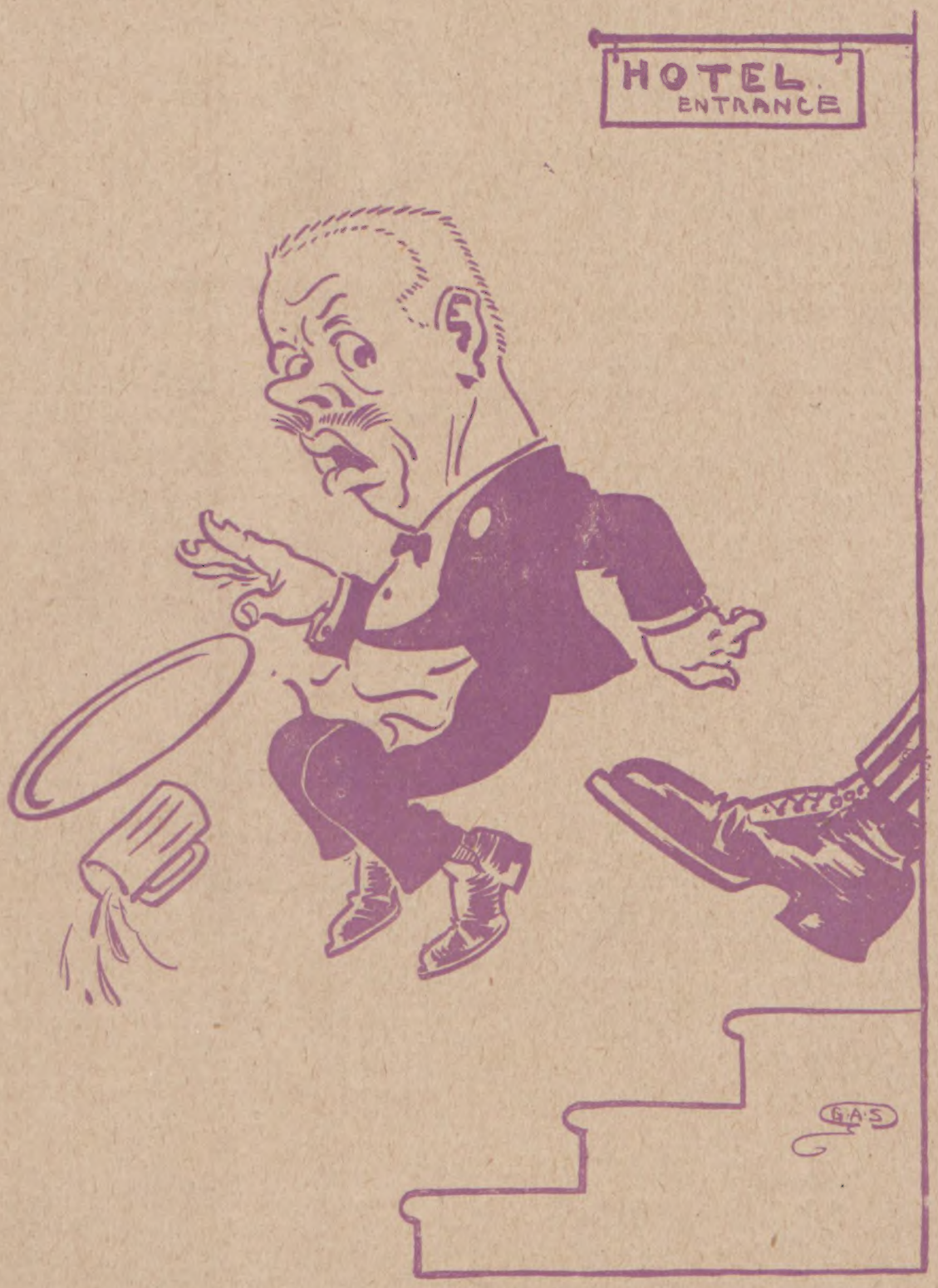

THE TIP.

Modern Life

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS

Exclusive to "Modern Life."

King George amongst the "Terriers": A Contre-temps.

It is not an exaggeration to say that Lord Kitchener is the busiest man in the three kingdoms. And it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that King George is the second busiest. For what time Lord Kitchener gets the men and fits them out for the campaign, his Majesty is running hither and thither inspecting the men at their training, and giving them the impetus which always comes to loyal men from Royal recognition. The King's habit of going about without warning, as narrated in these columns a week or two ago, is sometimes followed by curious *contretemps*. There was one at St. Albans when the King went down to inspect the 20,000 troops in training there. An intimation was 'phoned down that the King was coming, and the men were collected and marched over to Gorhambury Park for his Majesty's inspection. The King had already been to Luton to inspect some 30,000 men when he arrived in the City of the Proto-Martyr, and his astonishment was great to find the troops drawn up in the home park of a noble Earl with a great lineage but no particular place on the footsteps of the throne.

* * *

"I Cannot Come to the City for Nothing!"

For the Earl of Verulam, albeit an aristocrat of the jolly and rotund order, and an ex-Guardsman of the days which go back almost to the time when his facial counterpart, King Edward, was in the 10th Hussars, has not guided his life with the wisdom which becomes the heir to the all that is left of the great Lord Bacon! Mr. Lloyd George may be in part answerable for that. But, whatever be the cause, Lord Verulam's fame in the City has not been in the ascendant since the day when he replied to the hecklers of the West African Trust, Ltd., "I am unable, thanks to the death duties, to live on any money left me. I am therefore compelled to come to the City for a living. And I cannot afford to come to the City for nothing!" For at least a decade past Lord Verulam has gone in for the African gold-bug business with more ardour than insight; hence when it came to reviewing the troops in Gorhambury Park, King George politely declined the honour.

* * *

A Warning to Colonels on Strange Ground.

So out of the park the troops had to come, and when they had all found new positions along the pretty lane that leads to Watford, his Majesty came forward to greet them. His Majesty's great crony, Sir Charles Cust, and Captain Clive Wigram, the Equerry, were there, too, and the King, keeping a respectful distance between himself and the entrance to Lord Verulam's park, reviewed the whole garrison on this windy northern height. Everything was satisfactory; but let this be a warning to colonels on strange ground to be careful where they try to take his Majesty, who knows a lot more about individuals than any of his subjects imagine!

* * *

A Faithful Courtier.

His Majesty has lost a tried and trusted friend in the late Sir William Carington. Half the Court went down to Folkestone for his funeral, and all the Royalties were represented. Without a solitary premonition of his approaching end, Sir William passed away in his sleep last Tuesday night week, after returning from a ride with his Majesty's Equerry, Captain Clive Wigram. Like all the great friends of King Edward—and "Bill" Carington was essentially an Edwardian!—he died at about the same age as his late Majesty—69. Sir William Carington owed his long connection with the Court to King Edward's partiality for his elder brother, who, from being simply Lord Carrington, went up to an earldom and a marquessate as Lord Lincolnshire.

* * *

Passing of the Victorian Courtiers.

It was to King Edward that he owed his appointment as Comptroller and Treasurer to King George when his Majesty was Prince of Wales—at which time he was Extra Equerry to the late Sovereign. For twenty years before that he had been one of the most familiar figures in St. James's as a member of the Court of Queen Victoria, and his wife was equally popular. She died last November, and ever since Sir William had wanted a lot of cheering up. But there was nothing the matter with him except a slight touch of heart trouble. His was a life well and wisely spent, and he is sincerely mourned wherever Royalty foregathers. The depletions in the Royal household have been numerous of late.

* * *

Settling the Fate of the Treacherous Turk.

The Aga Khan dined with King George the other evening, and between them they settled the fate of Turkey. This may seem a "tall order," but it was done. The Aga Khan is absolutely with us in this matter, and though it has always been our policy to stand by the Khalifa (who is the Pope of the Mohammedan world, though King George is the greatest Mohammedan monarch), the time has come when England has got to put on the iron glove in Asia Minor. The Turkish Sultan's treachery over the *Goeben* and *Breslau*, though we have preferred not to regard it as a direct act of hostility, has got to be avenged, and the sultanate is in danger.

* * *

An Historic Luncheon at Buckingham Palace.

The Aga Khan, who represents fifty millions of Mohammedans all over Africa and the Orient, himself being a descendant of the Prophet, has assured the King that the downfall of the Khalifate will not upset that potentate's religious position, while a serious menace to the peace of Europe will be removed by the planting of the Union Jack over the Dardanelles. After lunch the King received the Tsar's uncle, the Grand Duke Michael, and together they and the Aga Khan talked over the position. The day is not far distant when the whole Mohammedan world will deeply regret the Sultan's toadying to Germany, and "doing it" on Britain.

* * *

The Shock of War.

I hear that the shock of the news of her grandson's wounds in the war killed poor old Lady Hickman. Fortunately, Sir Alfred Hickman, who, after being wounded at Mons, had been taken prisoner by the Germans, has now turned up all right, and seems like to have "a long run" still. No less than seventeen members of the Hickman family are serving at the front, one of whom is old Lady Hickman's son, Colonel T. E. Hickman. The Hickmans are an interesting family of modern baronets, with vast wealth derived from the Birmingham

and Wolverhampton iron industries. Sir Alfred Hickman is a member of the Thatched House, the Ranelagh, and Hurlingham Clubs, and is a keen patron of all sports, as becomes a member of the famous 4th Royal Dragoons. His grandmother was 86, so her time had come, but her good works will long be remembered now she has gone!

* * *

A Love Affair of the Art World.

The war has killed all the topics that once fascinated the gossips, and such "isms" as eugenics haven't a ghost of a chance of revival for years to come. But there are still a few artistic souls whose devotion to "isms" and causes is so deep that they can detach themselves from the war when left alone, and sometimes when they are "in company." There are young Val Fildes, for instance, and Miss Muriel John, who, to the delight and amazement of all the world of art, have just got engaged, and are going to show what Eugenics can do in art!

* * *

More Famous as Baby than Lover.

Val Fildes, of course, is the only son of Sir Luke Fildes, and is the boy who, twenty years ago, was so well-known by his picture being portrayed in Fildes's famous picture "The Doctor." Val's lady-love is the only child of another famous R.A.—Sir Goscombe John—who is nowadays our favourite sculptor, and the friendship which has just ripened into love has been a source of keen pleasure to most of the Chelseaites for a long time. Sir William Richmond, R.A., is the greatest instance in modern times of the hereditaryness of art, his father having been a R.A. before him.

* * *

What Will Happen in Antwerp.

I hear that Lord Lonsdale has made a bet with a friend in the "Rag" of £1,000 to a fiver that the British troops will retake Antwerp within six months at the point of the bayonet. "And a pretty safe bet, too!" said the gallant British ex-Colonel who told me of it. "There is not a fortress in the world which the British Tommy cannot carry by sheer assault. That's what the Germans couldn't do! Now, mark my words. The Germans besieged Antwerp for ten days before they began the bombardment of the city. Having excited the execration of the world by the destruction of Rheims and Louvain, the Kaiser was determined that his troops before Antwerp should take that city by assault, and without a bombardment, and thus secure a clear conquest in arms over the garrison, and save the destruction of the city. The German general before Antwerp, in the endeavour to secure this result, made over a hundred efforts to get his men past the Antwerp forts! And why did he fail? Because the Germans haven't got the pluck to go in at a breach! That's where Tommy Atkins whacks the world, and always will whack it!"

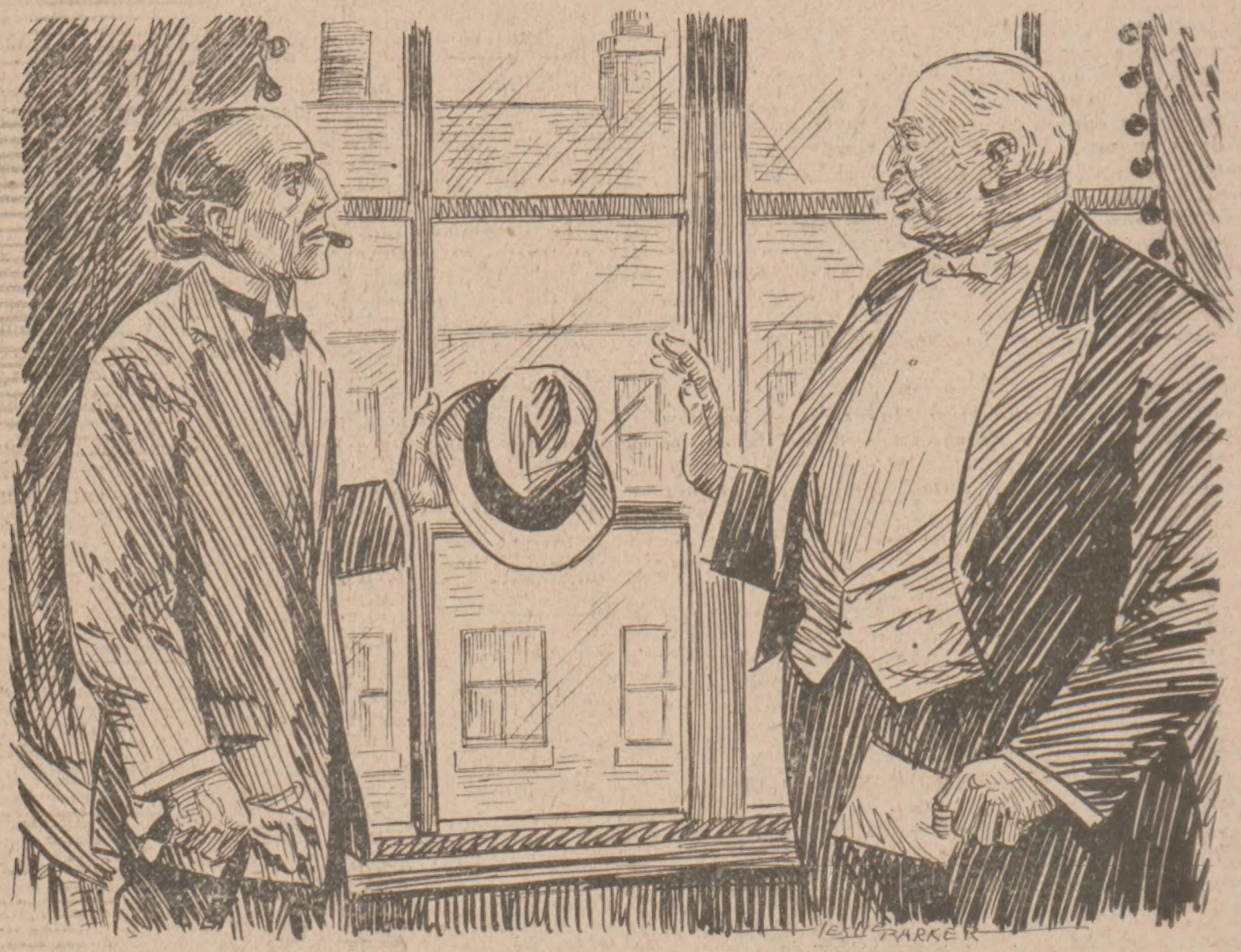
* * *

Where Tommy Atkins Always Scores.

"There is no fortification so strong that it cannot be breached by our own guns, and when the breach has been made, then comes the trial of pluck! The German soldier cannot be got to face almost certain death by going through the hole in the wall; the British Tommy goes through it without hesitation, so long as his revolver and bayonet are intact! Look at Gibraltar! No other nation on earth could have held that citadel for two hundred years as we have held it! Five times in the centuries have the Spaniards tried to retake it from us, but with no luck at all. And, if they got it, they would never be able to hold it! And look at Agra, Delhi, and Lucknow! The Germans couldn't have done those things! Of course not! And when their men funked the breaches at Antwerp, the German general was compelled to take it with his siege guns, at the risk of

THE REAL WOMEN'S QUESTION.

Madame Europa (to the Kaiser): "After the War, where am I to look for husbands for my girls?"



Gentleman (engaging rooms): "Yes, quite suitable but for one thing—I don't like to view that ugly building from this window."

Hotel Manager: "Oh, that's only an explosive factory. Might blow up any day, sir."

destroying the whole city, leaving the Belgian and British troops to walk quietly out like the heroes they were, prepared to get even with the destroyers in their own good time. Yes, I should say Lord Lonsdale's fiver is as safe as the Bank of England!"

* * *

A Family of Heroes.

It is a curious fact, but there are no very great military families in Britain, owing to the way great Generals have of leaving no male heir to their coronets—Lords Roberts, Wolseley, and Kitchener, for instance. An exception to the rule is, of course, the family of Lord Gough, whose son has just returned to Ireland with only one arm, as a result of gallantry on the Aisne. Lieut. Gough is the grandson of the Lord Gough of Indian fame, whose statue stands in Phœnix Park in Dublin, near the Wellington Monument. For many years the Goughs have been the greatest family of hereditary fighters in Britain, and they have already provided us with one of the most pitiful tragedies of the present war. Before Lord Gough's son had his arm amputated in France, his cousin, Lieut. John Bloomfield Gough, Colonel Bloomfield Gough's eldest son, had been killed on the Aisne, leaving a charming young widow to mourn him, for only a fortnight before the war was declared he had married Miss Marion Phipps-Hornby, of Somerton-Erlegh, in Somersetshire.

* * *

"Lord Gough of Chinkangfoo in China!"

Two members of the Gough family have won the Victoria Cross—General Sir Charles Gough, of Tipperary, and General Sir Hugh Gough, the Keeper of the Crown Jewels in the Tower—and there are still nine other Goughs doing their country's work at the front! The now one-armed Lieutenant was in the gallant 9th Lancers, and Lord Gough's deceased son was with the equally gallant Irish Guards. It was to the great Lord Gough that we are indebted for the Punjaub, which is now giving us such a magnificent force in France. It was as long ago as 1842 that he was rewarded by a peerage as "Lord Gough of Chinkangfoo in China, and of Maharajpore and the Sutlej in India," and provided with a pension of two thousand pounds a year for three lives.

* * *

Lord Gough's Pension of £2,000 Still Being Paid after 70 Years.

This pension is still the perquisite of the present Lord Gough, so that the Goughs have had over £140,000 on account of their forebear's good work in "the Shiny!" Not a bad reward, especially as his present Lordship has drawn many thousands of pounds from the State as one of our representatives in Berlin, Dresden and Coburg, as well as in far Brazil and at Washington. No one begrudges the Goughs anything, however, for they are a splendid lot, and much honoured in Galway, where they have a fine house on the shore of Lough Cutra—a lovely island eight miles square, and charmingly studded with wooded islands, the home of innumerable cormorants and herons—a place the Goughs acquired under the Encumbered Estates Act after the great famine of 1846, when Lord Gough came home from India "covered with glory!"

* * *

The Weird Premonition that Portended the Death of the Youngest Subaltern at the Front.

It is wonderful how superstitious people grow in wartime! Sage old cynics who pooh-pooh ghosts and always walk under ladders are chastened considerably by the events of the hour, and the prophecies of Madame de

Thebes and others are carefully read out after dinner as if they were communiqués of the Government! I myself never had much faith in the prophets, but an incident which I heard of the other day has impressed me with something approaching respect for the occult. A noble dame living in Albert Gate—I will not mention her name, though it is of almost world-wide fame!—dreamed that her only son had been killed in the war. She is a woman of the world, and she related the dream next morning without a scintilla of evil presentiment. A week later she was informed of her only son's death—he was the youngest military officer who has yet fallen for his country, being only eighteen!—and his mother found that he had died at the very hour of her dream!

* * *

Why Evie Greene Fainted on the Stage.

Anybody who doubts this story may be reminded how Miss Evie Greene fainted on the stage of the Palladium at the very hour that the saucy *Arethusa* was blown up. Her newest husband, Lieut. Arbuthnot, is chief gunner on that ill-fated ship, and his escape from a watery grave was marvellous, for just before the explosion he had given orders to three gunners, and as he left each one a bullet or a shell bowled him over. I may add, quite *entre nous*, that the beautiful Evie is violently in love with her husband, and a sympathy exists between them which is the delight of "the Perfesh." Hence the incident on the night of the *Arethusa*. But who will now say that there is nothing in the supernatural!

* * *

The Untiring Lord Roberts.

Lord Roberts is not officially associated with this war, but he is out and about every day amongst the troops, in the smartest of modern khaki rig-outs, doing his best to hearten the youngsters, and seeing to it with his own eyes that the men are being properly treated. And, with it all, Lord Roberts is the most modest of men! It is three years since I last set eyes on this grand old veteran, and the circumstances in which I encountered him are not a little amusing, and typical of his complete absence of ostentation. It was down at Hampton, where Lord Roberts's mother lies buried. It was the anniversary of her death, and outside the Red Lion there was a handsome motor car. As I passed I noted a little group of natives watching an old gentleman change his sporting attire for a black frock-coat, black kid gloves, and a top hat.

* * *

A Wreath for the Grave of Lady Roberts.

All this was taking place in the stable, before the eyes of anybody who chanced to pass that way! Naturally attracted by the unusual comedy—as I thought it—I stopped, too, and when the old gentleman had completed his toilet, and turned round, to my amazement I recognised the greatest soldier of modern times, Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C. Presently a lady came out of the hotel in deep black, joined the Field-Marshal, and off they trotted to the churchyard, with a wreath to lay on the grave of the late Lady Roberts.

* * *

No "Couples" Allowed Upstairs.

The explanation of this story is as remarkable as the incident itself. It appears that Lord Roberts and Lady Eileen Roberts had gone down to Hampton for the death-day of the wife of General Sir Abraham Roberts, and, hotels being scarce thereabouts, they had entered the Red Lion, and asked if they might go upstairs to change their clothes. The Red Lion not being the Ritz or the Savoy, the landlady had promptly "told them off" with the attestation that she never allowed "couples up her stairs!" So anxious was Lord Roberts not to be recognised that, instead of informing the outraged landlady of the Red Lion who he was, he replied that he would be quite content with the stable, if his daughter could be accommodated upstairs, and Lady Eileen was accorded this simple hospitality for the purpose of changing her clothes before going to the grave of her grandmother!

As there had been two serious robberies of clothes at the Red Lion but a short time before, in consequence of the freedom with which the stairs had been allowed to be used by spooners, there was some cause for the landlady's snubbing of the gallant old Field-Marshal, especially as his Lordship did not make his name known until he had disbursed half-crowns round to all the stablemen and chauffeurs who had offered him any service.

The rising generation owes much to the inventor of the alarm clock.

* * *

When you know a fellow to be a bad egg, don't try to beat him.

The above picture represents Lord Kitchener uttering (according to the Press) the stirring words: "You're too young, sonny. Come again later," to a youthful aspirant for the new Army. Our picture is the first among thousands, as we understand some 5,000 artists are busily engaged depicting this touching incident on canvas, to serve as a companion to that delightful (and equally true to life) picture of Lord Roberts dandling a Boer infant on his knee.

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS.

IS THE WAR OFFICE INFALLIBLE?

No one desires, at a time like the present, to criticise the authorities unduly, let alone harshly. But at the same time it is necessary if the British people are to retain anything of the rights which their ancestors obtained for them, the rights of freedom and justice, to point out to the authorities that a game to be properly played must be played on both sides with equal honesty and candour and respect for the public interests. The British people cannot be expected to sit down and twirl their thumbs for a year, or years, until this disastrous war is over, and say nothing, like Brother Rabbit of immortal memory. And whether they are so expected or not, they certainly will not do it. It is against the grain with Britishers. It is not only against the grain, but it is a good thing for the ultimate welfare of the Empire that it is against the grain. We are a free people, and we want to be treated as a free people. And we are being treated as children.

* * *

The lengthy despatches from Sir John French that have now appeared in the papers are interesting reading. They are, indeed, glorious reading. They show that the British soldier, far from being a back number, as the Germans would have had us believe, is more of a front number than ever. They show that he is still the best-trained soldier in the world. They show that he can do anything that mortal man can do on the battlefield. They show, further, what perhaps required to be shown a bit after the South African War, that British generals are the best in the world at the present time, best at bravery, best at strategy, best at soldiering in all its branches. But these despatches also show that the War Office, by keeping them, at any rate the first one, from the public, have failed to appreciate adequately their duty towards the people who are paying millions a week for the purpose of maintaining the Empire which their fathers handed down to them. There are thousands of words in these long despatches that contain information that the public have a right to have had long before they had it—information known to the enemy weeks ago, and therefore kept back from our public without any just reason whatever. How can it be expected that the people will keep up their intense interest in the war if this sort of policy is to be continued?

* * *

The truth is that the War Office, notwithstanding Lord Kitchener's wonderful work, has still a lot of the old leaven within it. Even a Kitchener cannot, of course, reform a fossilised institution in a day. But he can at any rate do more than he is doing, not only in the direction of the freedom of the Press, but in many other directions to which I have not space to refer to-day.

* * *

There is, for instance, the little matter of commissions. These are at the present moment walking about London and the provinces, and cooling their heels in infinite disgust, numbers of ex-officers who saw active service in the South African campaign, and did their work well and gallantly under the difficult conditions of South African warfare, yet are to-day almost insulted by the War Office, to whom they have offered their services. They cannot get replies to their letters even. Surely this is a disastrous and a non-understandable condition of affairs. It is true that many of these officers are not so young as they used to be. But many of them are in the prime of life, and if they are willing to take junior commissions, commissions usually given to much younger men, why on earth should not their services be accepted? Our young officers are being killed or wounded at a rather alarming rate. Fighting with great gallantry as they always do, that is bound to be the case in a war like this. And who is going to take their place, and the place of hundreds more who will unfortunately be incapacitated in the next few months? Somebody will have to do it, and it appears to be the policy of the War Office to give commissions to absolutely untried youngsters from the public schools and elsewhere, rather than use the very men who know what war is and have proved their value in many an action in the past. It appears to me to be a senseless policy, brave though the youngsters are, and splendid officers though they would be if they were given an adequate amount of training before being sent to lead our soldiers against the enemy. We recently saw in the papers a cable to the effect that Mr. F. H. Creswell, the South African Member of Parliament, had wired to the South African Government offering his services with the Union forces. And no sooner did he offer than he was accepted and given a captaincy in a Johannesburg regiment. Now Mr. Creswell is a man not far from fifty, an engineer by profession, and with only a little experience of soldiering. What would have happened to him if he had been in England and had offered himself to the War Office? He would probably have been told to stick to his engineering, or else told nothing at all. Yet the South African War was partly won by such men as he, men of brains and adaptability who, no matter what their age, were taken for what they were worth as soldiers on the field. The truth is that in England, even to-day, red tape is triumphant in time of war as well as in time of peace, and the fact that it is so is a danger to the country. We see men of influence and position, like Mr. F. E. Smith and many others—men who know little or nothing of warfare—given important positions on the field of battle. And we see men like Colonel Driscoll, one of the finest scouts and soldiers in the South African campaign, sitting in the London office of the Legion of Frontiersmen and waiting in vain for orders for the front for himself and his gallant men.

* * *

There are many other incidents and matters that I might cite, but I have said enough to show that if this war is to end triumphantly for England within a reasonable time, the War Office must be criticised severely when it is necessary to do so, and must not for a single moment be allowed to rest on its oars, even though the greatest organising soldier we have ever had is at the helm and steering to certain victory. Let us remember that even Napoleon made mistakes, and that even Popes have been known to be less than infallible.

JONATHAN GRUB STRETE.

Since the war broke out the Kaiser has been a great traveller, visiting Aix-la-Chapelle, Mayence, Nancy, Metz, Coblentz, Luxemburg, Breslau and Cologne in turn. A sea-trip is, however, not included in his itinerary.

* * *

"You must remember that there has been no bloodshed during the Kaiser's reign, and I don't believe there will be." (Andrew Carnegie three years ago.) The great fortune-maker is a mug at the fortune-telling business, anyhow.

* * *

Some of the Canadian Highlanders, in their kilts, were driven to their quarters in a London omnibus which carried an advertisement of a play in foot letters —"My Lady's Dress." The humorist who perpetrated this joke ought to be kilt himself.

* * *

"His (Monsignor Benson's) works other than novels were not very numerous, but in two of them, 'The Religion of the Plain Man' and 'The Confessions of a Convict,' his 'apologia' was embodied" (*Westminster Gazette*). And now for the *W.G.'s* "apologia"!

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHERE.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

What is the use of all this "lights out" business while London still swarms with Germans and Austrians who could—and probably would—signal the positions of our public buildings to air-raiders?

* * *

What does Lord Northcliffe think about Kitchener now?

* * *

Whether the notable callousness of our landlords in general during this time of crisis is engaging the serious attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his advisers?

* * *

Hadn't Mr. Jim Larkin better be "restrained" before he has a chance of working any further mischief?

* * *

If the *Daily Telegraph* called God "him" with a small h in order to differentiate Him from the Kaiser?

* * *

How many more of our British play writers are going to "winter" in the United States?

* * *

If a highly-placed lady in society has not rendered valuable service to the authorities in the detection of spies, and if "those who sit in judgment" wish they had acted on her advice more promptly?

* * *

Who was the general officer who so keenly enjoyed the evolutions of the urchin brigade of "soldiers" in Cockspur Street on Saturday?

* * *

If Winston's address to the Naval Brigade is considered to have closed the Antwerp "incident," or will it be brought up in the House next month?

* * *

A BROTHER IN ARMS.

What has become of the Duke of Westminster at the front? Is it true that he is a prisoner of war? Or has he taken alarm at the appearance of his Duchess in the field, and returned to civilian life?

* * *

Whether the King's unbeaten horse, Friar Marcus, is not to be the favourite for next year's Derby? And whether his Majesty will not be well advised in saving him up for that great event, which should be the pinnacle of his Majesty's popularity with his people?

* * *

How many books of reminiscences have had to be abandoned owing to the public being pre-occupied with the war?

* * *

What sort of a sale will Lord Charles Beresford's little stories have just now? And who was the peeress of whom Lord Charles told such a nutty one that his publisher had to jib at using it?

Whether Prince Lichnowsky will feel obliged to the Kaiser for compelling him to go to the front, after so many years of snug comfort as an "Excellency"? And whether anyone now wonders why Princess Lichnowsky shed such bitter tears as she took her early stroll in St. James's Park on the morning she left England?

* * *

Why the clerks in the Admiralty were locked up all one night last week, and not released till the following day at 2 o'clock?

* * *

Whether Lord Kitchener has yet sent an officer down to Cuckford to ascertain the truth about the deaths of Territorials in that camp?

* * *

If her Majesty Queen Amelie is not greatly disappointed that, so far, the War Office has ignored her son's offer of his services?

* * *

If the Crown Prince is thinking of setting up as an antique art dealer at the close of the war?

* * *

How it came about that a detailed account of the exploits of the *Emden* was posted up in a private room at Lloyd's several days before the censor passed the news for publication?

* * *

Why the Prince of Wales was not allowed to take a night trip over London in the airship?

* * *

If Lord Roberts is at all perturbed by the loss of his German title?

* * *

If the beautiful Parisian actress, Delysia, is not wearing a great deal more than her usual amount of stage clothes at the Ambassadors'?

* * *

When is a censorship of newspaper placards to be established?

* * *

Why doesn't the Press Bureau adopt the French plan of issuing two daily bulletins at fixed hours?

* * *

Is it true that after the Censor had finished with a recent message from France nothing remained but: "I speeded up my Rolls Royce" nine times?

* * *

If a practical joke accounted for the presence of ginger in the soup at a recent fashionable dinner party?

* * *

If the King and the Prince of Wales have returned all their German orders to Berlin?

TABLOID TOPICS.

"Boys of fifteen are now being trained for the German army." As infantry, we presume?

* * *

The Germans are considerably annoyed to learn that we have cooked their pigeon spies for them.

* * *

Draught-board furs are to be the mode. The checks to square the bills will come from the same old chess-nuts.

* * *

A German soldier elevated a turnip on a stick to draw the enemy. And he marvelled at the success of his ruse!

* * *

Shade of Shakespeare to Kaiser Ananias Attila (without compliments).—"Quite easy lies the Hun that wears a crown."

* * *

Some lunatic has suggested the formation of a battalion of billstickers. This in order that Bill may get a good pasting.

* * *

It looks as though the Ottomans are to be the allies of Germany. Well, we don't mind if we do have Turkey with our sausage at Christmas.

* * *

The "Hard-as-Nails" Battalion goes into camp this week. And we hope soon to see them give the Germans a good hammering.

* * *

"After inspecting the German trenches the Kaiser returned to his hut with wet feet." This is doubtless a printer's error for *cold* feet.

* * *

It is stated that some of the German troops have gramophones in the trenches. These won't be the only records that our boys will break.

* * *

The *Daily News* appeals for Christmas puddings for the troops. But haven't our brave boys got quite enough dangers to contend with already?

* * *

A *Globe* leader refers to our undertaking to assist Belgium as "Our Backed Bill." We are pitting it against "Germany's Dishonoured 'Bill.'"

* * *

When the new map of Europe is drawn up, it might be some reparation for Belgium's martyrdom to transfer the name of the Low Country to Germany.

* * *

Near Ostend, British warships are said to be ready to fire on the German army. So the latter, having reached the coast, will be looking for sea-shells.

* * *

The headquarters of the United Arts Force are in a portion of the building of the Royal Academy of Arts. They will be quite at home with the colours.

* * *

The Kaiser publicly acclaimed the Crown Prince the other day "Restorer of the Peace." He might now restore the pieces he recently stole from the Chateau de Baye.

* * *

It is suggested that German hymns should not be used in English churches. Personally, we see no harm in the German hymn; it is the German herr that must be exterminated.

* * *

According to reports, Colonel von Reuter, the Zabern hero, has been captured half a dozen times, wounded twice, and killed at least three times. Now we read that he has been awarded the Iron Cross of the First Class. But wouldn't a first-class asbestos suit be more use to him?

A LADY BOUNTIFUL.

A few evenings ago, on my arrival home from the City, I perceived my wife dimly through a tangle of miles of grey wool.

"So you're sewing socks, too," I remarked.

"You don't sew socks, stupid," returned my wife, persisting in the alliteration.

"Well, whatever you do with 'em? Darn 'em?"

"You don't darn 'em, either."

"You're right," said I bitterly; "neither you do."

"And don't intend to, my dear man. What I'm doing just now is called knitting."

At first it was really interesting watching socks in the making, and I settled down, an observant spectator. With one needle my wife would put the half-nelson on the other, which, recovering, would jab a vicious uppercut in retaliation, missing badly, however, owing to a sudden flanking movement on the part of the enemy; and lo! another lump of sock was constructed. But the sport soon palls, and I ventured to suggest:

"Dinner, my dear?"

"I'm sorry; there isn't any. I've been so busy, you know."

"But, hang it all! surely Jane——" (Jane isn't really her name; it's Ermyntrude. I call her Jane so that you'll know she's the housemaid without my telling you. . . . Yes, I know. Don't all speak at once.)

"Jane has been fully occupied all day showing me how to knit socks. There's some cold meat in the larder. Surely you don't object to suffering a little inconvenience in such a cause?"

I had intended spending that evening at my club, but instead was commandeered by my wife to hold wool on my outstretched hands while it was rolled into balls. I stood it for half-an-hour, then revolted.

"Look here, Mabel," I said, "can't you hang the stuff on the back of a chair? This is rotten."

"But a chair's so stolid," objected Mabel. "It doesn't display the verve that you do."

So, of course, I went on displaying verve.

Next day the first pair of socks were still unfinished, and my dinner cost me half-a-crown.

"How many socks will all this wool knit?" I asked.

"Oh, about twenty pairs," said Mabel.

I made a hurried calculation. "Well, I tell you what, dear. I'll *buy* twenty pairs for you if you promise to let me have my dinner as you did in the happy days that are no more. It'll come cheaper in the end."

"Good gracious! John," cried my wife hotly, "I'm ashamed of your selfishness. You surely don't weigh your dinner before affairs of State?"

I said I didn't; but I did. What's the good of talking anyway? However, I pointed out fluently that the first pair of socks, as yet unfinished, had cost, directly and indirectly, at least ten shillings. "And," I concluded, "if I may speak frankly and judge by appearance, they're not worth it."

That did it. "Money, money, money," said my wife. "Always money. You men seem unable to discern the difference between personal and impersonal sacrifice. Bah! how sordid you are."

What could you say to that? I said nothing.

Next evening was the last lap. One sock was finished, and the other nearly so. I observed, however, that Mabel's brow was wrinkled.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I forget how you finish the toe. Let me think."

"How did you finish the other?"

"Jane did it for me."

"There's only a little bit open. Sew it together," I suggested, and, in the end, that's what she did, passing the socks over for inspection.

"What do you think of them?" she asked breathlessly. "Aren't they splendid? I'm sure they'll make the soldiers warm."

"H'm. Hot, I should fancy. Why is one six inches longer than the other?"

"Oh . . . Is it? . . . But don't you think that's a good idea?"

THE LAST STRAW.

Looking glasses are now used in Cavalry training schools to show recruits how they look. The view, we are told, is sometimes too much for the horses.

"No. What *is* the idea?"

"Well, it's . . . distinctive, isn't it? But try them on, please. Please!"

When Mabel says "Please" twice and smiles, she generally wins. With difficulty I pulled on the first sock, then yelped loudly.

"I wondered where I had left that needle," said Mabel. "I knew it couldn't be far away.

On the termination of hostilities I tried the remaining sock. "Have you a shoe-lift?" I asked with deadly calm, after some minutes of fruitless effort.

"Why, won't it go on?" questioned Mabel, regarding me anxiously.

"The man who gets this sock on hasn't had a decent meal for weeks," I said. "You must have dropped about fifty stitches each time you went round the circuit."

I thought at first she was going to give way to tears. "What ever's to be done?" she cried.

"Cut them open, and convert them into chest protectors," I suggested. "They'll never know."

"Don't be idiotic," retorted Mabel. "Can't you propose something sensible? Has all my labour to go for nothing? What *can* I do with them?"

"Oh! use them as soup strainers," I said viciously.

Eric de Banzie.

A DOUBLE AND A TREBLE.

There was a repose about King's Cross railway terminus as depressing as a penny picture palace or the maunderings of a minor patriotic poet. It was a place to be avoided by all, save *les miserables* who were rug-bound to the North and the officials necessary to the despatching of them.

Moving in and out of the comparatively few forms wandering like lost spirits on the departure platform was a Coat, animate. The eye of the most casual observer must have been caught by that Coat. How it was propelled was apparently a secret unto itself. It was simply a living Coat—dark blue where it was cloth, and deep black where it was aggressively collared and cuffed with astrachan.

It was to be collared and cuffed in other ways.

Suddenly the Coat's shoulders were gripped from behind by a man who bore upon his face an expression of satisfaction and the unmistakable "see-the-signature-on the-label" brand of Scotland Yard. Persons who feel pleasure in making painful remarks might have said that any doubt as to the man's calling, profession, or pursuit, would have been dispelled by a glance at his feet. They were of the earth-hungering species popularly associated with "the force."

Strange! The Coat was not only gifted with the power of locomotion, It was endowed with the power of speech. As It received an ungentle pat on the left side of the soft hat which lidded It, from the works inside came the question, "What's the wheeze?" followed by "That's my ear when you've done with it."

"I arrest you, Carl Hungothstein, on the charge of being a spy."

Seemingly the detective's hold upon the Coat stopped It from splitting Its sides with laughter. As it was, the curved and piped lines at the back where the needle-driver had deftly joined the flats, as it were, appeared to quiver jocundly.

"Why, you hog-headed imitation of a raw cop"—the Coat was quite ungentlemanly—"I'm one of 'the Gemini.' How does that hit you, Sherlock?"

"Gemini be blowed!—Germany's nearer the mark."

The Coat was convulsed.

"Here," It observed, when It came out of a fit, "put one of your paws, if they're not too large, into my off-side pocket and take out a bill that's there."

Grasping It by the nape of the neck, Scotland Yard complied with the request.

"There," said the Coat when It had shot out two hands and opened the excavated wad of paper. "See that, Sherlock? Top turn this week at the Hull Tivoli. Billed big, ain't we? Look—'First Appearance in England of The Gemini, Twirling Twins, Daisy Duologuists, Dainty Dancers, Merry Musicians and Fun Fetchers.' That's a good square meal for a man getting over a jag. Try it, and fall down dead. It's our opening show in this country, and the call's at twelve sharp to-morrow. Leggo!"

"I will when you're inside the gates of the Brixton Hotel. We've got you weighed up to a cigarette paper. The coat's enough to do you over."

He hustled the garment into a convenient corner, and then unclasped a memorandum-book.

"Here's the description. A kid couldn't miss you. 'Carl Hungothstein; spare man about five feet in height; hair, hay colour and wispy—'"

"That's euchred you," interjected the Coat. "My locks are the hue of heavenly syrup and as curly as the hair of the freak boy who never told a lie."

The detective went on calmly: "Hair hay-colour and wispy; speaks English with a slight American twang; has recently landed in England, and tries to pass as a music-hall performer; was last seen wearing a dark blue coat heavily trimmed with astrachan. Come along!"

Scotland Yard could have easily slung the Coat across his arm, but he allowed It to amble along to the station entrance, where——

Another man, the die of detective impressed all over him, clutched another Coat, the exact double of No. 1 Coat, even to the soft felt lid.

Two detectives began to look as if something had hurt them. Two Coats greeted each other effusively.

"Hullo, Bob!" exclaimed Coat the First in a sort of cross-bred alto.

"Hullo, Jack," responded Coat the Second in a 17-inch siege-gun voice. "Was sure I spotted you skedaddling in a taxi. While I was wondering whether I should have to board the train alone this lively lunatic lands me as a spy. Gee whiz! Are you held up by the same gang? Now, who was the buster that did a guy in that taxi? Any idea, either of you bloodhounds?"

The Scotland Yarders smiled dismally.

"We looked like coming out all right on the double, but we've gone down on the treble," said one, exuding a savour of S.P. "Who would have thought that there could be three things like this alive?"

"Here, ain't you going on with this act?" queried Coat the First. "Give our show a big boost. I'll wire down to the management to paste the town red, white and blue. Don't let it be said that you hadn't sense enough to slip down softly on a banana skin. Be a sport."

But the officers were officially obdurate. They wheeled round, and curtly informed The Gemini that, so far as Scotland Yard was concerned, they could go to—Hull.

Hal Vicks.

A shortage of horse-radish is reported, as the bulk of the supply comes from Germany. This will make our Tommies more determined than ever to eat their Christmas dinner in Berlin.

* * *

"Food shortage in Brussels. Germans bringing up more siege guns," was a *Daily News* heading. So there is truth in the belief that blood and iron has some connection with the Prussian diet.

* * *

"The sinking of the 'Pegasus' will have to be set down as a glorious success for the Kaiser's navy."—*New York Sun.*

So Wilhelm has got his place in the sun at last.

* * *

We read: "Kaffirs are rising." Lest the Kaiser should think that our native subjects in South Africa are in revolt, let us explain that it refers to Transvaal gold mining shares, which have gone up in value.

MORE OR LESS

Mrs. Grundy in Excelsis.

I often think that one of the few things we can really do without in this world is that species of female erroneously labelled as "good." You know the kind of person I mean—all vacant spaces and virtue, with a weird kind of hat for a halo, and manna or something instead of a powder puff in her hand-bag. From the bottom of my heart I pity those unfortunate people whom a cruel fate condemns to have charity doled out to them through these waifs and strays from Heaven. "My dear," one of these good ladies said in my hearing the other day, "I only asked the creature a question or two as to her circumstances, and you should have seen the temper she flew into." Having seen some of our different organisations at work, I can just imagine not only the questions this Mrs. Grundy in excelsis asks, but the way in which she asks them. "Go and weed the golf green," a soldier's wife was informed recently when she asked for relief, "and don't beg." And when in all humility the mother's wits [illegible] that the claims of a numerous family prevented her undertaking such remunerative work, "Nonsense," she was told, "take the children with you." Perhaps—who knows—the embyro Samaritan she appealed to thought the children could be used as golf-balls. Women are frightfully cruel to one another. I hope the day will never come when the world will be ruled by women. Heaven help the pretty ones then!

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

Total Stranger: "Pardon me, sir, if I take the liberty of removing that blonde hair from your shoulder. I was once caused considerable annoyance by just such a trifle."

Mean Woman.

A manless Eden would not appeal to me at all. There is no denying that men have their uses. They can take you out—sometimes they take you in as well—but on the whole they give you a good time. It's no fun doing anything without a man. Besides, it comes so expensive. Take two indispensable things to woman—taxis and chocolates—supposing she had to pay for them herself! And you know we women are not generous. We haggle over threepence as if it were the price of an immortal soul. Left to ourselves, we women would never pay a bill. We would only run them up. Those big establishments up West would soon close their doors if they depended upon the cash of their feminine clients to keep them going. "Oh! take the cash," sang Omar, "and let the credit go." We not only take the cash but the credit as well. Those much-maligned men have to pay. And, from what I can see of it, they don't get much in exchange. The modern woman is too busy to have much time for even the preliminaries of love. Just at present she is too busy making shirts; but, even in normal times, as a cynic bitterly remarked, she is just a makeshift.

Nichevo.

Do you know what that means? It's a jolly useful word for present-day events, let me tell you. It means, in Russian—did you think it was German?—"Who cares?" It is the phlegmatic utterance of all good Slavs when something goes wrong. It's on a par with the Eastern "Kismet." I have always loved that word. It must be so jolly, when you come to think of it, to throw the responsibility of whatever happens on fate. Whatever you do, from murder to matrimony, well—you can't help it, fate willed it. Somehow I don't think, though, that word would work out very well over here. If you stood in the way of a motor-'bus and shouted "Kismet," the conductor would probably only tell your remains he went to "Marble Arch" instead. I am sure I don't know what he would do if you shouted "Nichevo." Probably take you for a Belgian refugee. Still, it's a word to know, and, as I said before, a jolly useful one just at present. When the moratorium doesn't work, when your work walks, when you have to walk because you can't afford the fare, when—— Oh! well, when anything happens, just sneeze first, and then say, "Nichevo."

* * *

Gloves and Civilisation.

I was amused to read the other day that "the Parisienne knows the correct convention of anything, from a funeral to a love affair. She is civilised to the glove-tips." Glove-tips, you will notice. Evidently over in France you keep on your gloves for funerals and love affairs. Of course, I admit that our Gallic sisters know a lot more about the complexity of things than we do, but I do not believe that, whatever her nationality, any woman's a civilised being. She is the most savage thing we have. All the privileges and protection of civilisation she will claim, but in herself she remains an essentially primitive being. She is the snake, the apple and Adam's lost rib all in one. She will stick at nothing to get her own way, and, when she has got it, she will stick at nothing to prove it was somebody else's will. She never forgives, she never forgets, she is relentless in love and enmity. You cannot wonder at the modern man failing to understand the modern woman. He has put on civilisation with his clothes, and honestly forgets that once he hammered his wife on the head with a stone if anything went wrong with his cave-dwelling arrangements. But women, bless you, no Paquin frock will ever make her forget that once Adam let her down badly. The last woman on earth will still bear a grudge against the first man. He may never know it, she may never know it, but deep down in her heart the feeling of resentment burns. "Once upon a time"—fairy stories begin that way—and Eve lost her fairy story because of that beginning. Therefore I am not prepared to believe in the civilisation of woman down to her gloves where men are concerned. So far as her gloves—maybe.

LOUISE HEILGERS.

BY THE WAY.

The "Business as usual" cry is all very well, but, judging from the advertisements in the newspapers, nobody is selling or buying anything just now but—corsets.

* * *

It seems that we have all been congratulating ourselves too prematurely upon the closing up of our ranks and the disappearance of party feeling. Nothing else but party rancour is responsible for the *Morning Post's* attack on Winston Churchill, for it is certain that our contemporary was not in possession of the facts of the case when its rancorous article was written. Really, I do not see that there is much to choose between the *Post's* virulent abuse of the First Lord and the disgustingly caddish attack upon Lord Haldane, which disgraced the none-too-particular columns of the *Evening News* early in August, when that journal wrongly imagined he had been appointed War Minister.

* * *

I have authority for stating that the War Office is preparing regulations for the compulsory enrolment of every able-bodied man for the war.

* * *

In sending a donation to the *Telegraph's* Belgian Refugee Fund, Norman Forbes-Robertson mentions that he, in common with many other actors, has been "ruined" by the war. I hope it is not so bad as that, for Norman Forbes, while lacking his brother's genius, is a particularly sound actor of eccentric comedy rôles—*e.g.*, his Sir Andrew Aguecheek in "Twelfth Night," and his clever work in "Diplomacy." He is also a kind-hearted and popular personality.

I have been talking to an officer of the *Carmania* of his experiences in the 160 minutes' fight that ended in the sinking of the 18,000-ton *Cap Trafalgar*. He told me that it was "enormously interesting" to compare the gunnery of the two ships. "The Germans certainly shot well and put up a good fight, but we overmatched them right from the start. It also seemed to me that the rifling of some of their guns must be worn, because sometimes a projectile would turn over and over in the air, instead of preserving a rotary motion. (Sometimes shells did this in the Russo-Japanese War, and they became known as 'portmanteaus.') Our rapidity of fire? Well, roughly speaking, the 13.5 and 12-inch naval guns can fire two shots a minute, the 9.2 four shots a minute, the 7.5 eight, the 6-inch ten, the 4.7 twelve, the 4-inch fifteen, and the 3-pounders 25 shots. Maxims are fired when using rapid firing at the rate of 600 shots a minute."

* * *

Is it not a little unusual for a leading man of letters to have his special views confuted in the very same issue of the journal that gives them prominence? This fate has lately befallen Professor Sloane, of the Princeton University, whose strong pro-German bias is ridiculed editorially in the same issue of a New York paper that prints his article. I am sorry Dr. Sloane has "gone wrong," for his magnificent—there's no other word for it—"Life of Napoleon I." is a classic. But he was, I see, secretary to George Bancroft when the latter was U.S. Ambassador at Berlin, which may partially account for his sympathies.

* * *

To find the real reason for the decision of Sir Herbert Tree and other managers to give their performances every afternoon instead of every evening, with "matinées" twice a week, on Wednesday or Thursday and Saturday evenings, one would have to go to Scotland Yard. The dark, semi-lighted streets of the metropolis have been responsible, after dark, for a great increase in pocket-picking, and the police must have had a particularly busy time. Then the danger of this official gloaming from motor omnibuses and other traffic is undoubtedly accentuated. As a result, many well-to-do people are staying indoors o' nights, and the theatres and restaurants are largely losing their patronage. All the West End theatre managers declare that the falling-off in receipts is mostly in the higher-priced parts of their houses.

* * *

The head of one of the largest British steamship companies and banana importing firms, who is generally known at Covent Garden as "the Banana King," turned up at his office recently with his arm in a sling. "Hello!" remarked his colleagues, "been out to the front?" "No," was the reply, "I was strolling through the Seven Dials the other evening on my way home, just to see how the banana trade was going, when I slipped on a banana skin and broke my arm." Oh, the irony of it!

* * *

"Keble Howard . . . is one of the most popular of English humorists, his contributions to the British periodical Press ranking with those of G. K. Chesterton," is the distinctly piquant editorial introduction in the New York *Puck*—nowadays quite the smartest of the American humorous weeklies—to a rather feeble story by our only "Chicot." I am not quite certain which of the two writers will be the more annoyed by this naïve appreciation, the humour of which becomes more apparent the longer you study it.

* * *

The sudden death of Monsignor R. H. Benson

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Terrible plight of Private McTavish, who has been overhauled by lady souvenir hunters in Paris.

came as a great shock to Mayfair, for the distinguished author was one of the best-liked men in London. Society (that portion with a capital S) took him to its bosom and read his books with an avidity which only equalled its desire to listen to his sermons. His writings brought him in the not inconsiderable sum of £4,000 a year, while fees for sermons amounted to thousands more. His new romance, "Oddsfish," is certain to command an enormous sale. He assured a friend of mine, however, that he was far from satisfied with the work. He wrote and re-wrote the book no less than six times, and then in disgust burned all the manuscript. One day, however, it occurred to him that it was a pity to waste all this energy, so he sat down and finished the recently published version in two weeks!

* * *

The visit of a famous American war correspondent to Antwerp has had a romantic sequel. He was walking through the streets just after the first Zeppelins had discharged their deadly cargo. The inhabitants were everywhere panic-stricken, but among them all the sad, anxious countenance of a pretty Belgian girl arrested his attention. Going up to her he reassured her as best he could. He walked a little way with her, and she charmed him more and more. Eventually he suggested that she should accompany him to England—and safety. When he returned a week or two later she came with him, and he sent her to stay with some friends in Scotland. After visiting her there he determined that never again must she be exposed to the worries of life in the brave little buffer State. She agreed—and the wedding will take place in London early next week.

* * *

A well-known South of England M.P.—it is hardly fair to disclose his identity beyond stating him to be the nephew of a retired and much-respected judge—happened to be up in Scotland grouse shooting soon after the war broke out. His host, a typical Scottish laird with whom he had but recently become acquainted, had the misfortune to be taken suddenly ill upon the first day of his visit and was consequently debarred from accompanying his guest over the moors. Wishing, however, to learn what sort of a shot the Englishman was he referred privately to his gamekeeper. "Weel," replied Sandy, "the gentleman can *shoot* verra well—but he canna *hit* anything." The M.P. in question has since volunteered for the front, and while awaiting his commission is putting in some good hard practice at one of the rifle ranges. He is certainly making progress, but there is still plenty of room for improvement. Let's hope he will be able to "hit" something by the time he gets into the firing line.

* * *

The war has brought many evils in its train, but I have heard of at least one person who has benefited considerably by it, if a corpulent friend of mine is to be believed. On meeting him the other day I was pleasantly surprised to note a considerable reduction in his avoirdupois. To my congratulations and inquiry as to how he had effected the change, he replied: "Oh, I just pop into a music-hall or kinema every night for half an hour or so." Mystified, I requested an explanation. "Well, you see," he answered, "they are always playing national anthems nowadays, and I find the bobbing up and down business the finest exercise in the world."

* * *

The disclaimer by "Linesman" that he is not—though he would have liked to be—the "Eye-Witness" who is regaling us with trivialities about the operations in the theatre of war has again caused some speculation as to that officer's identity. I understand it is Colonel Stuart Hooper, who until recently was the military correspondent of the *Times*. In company with other newspaper men, Colonel Hooper proceeded to the front, and like them suffered from the severity of the censorship. When, at last, the principal dailies began to get restive under what was undoubtedly the far too trenchant prohibition of news and criticism, and Mr. Asquith wisely decided to ask General French to provide the public with fuller information respecting the doings of our soldiers, in which we are so vitally concerned as well as interested, French selected his old friend, "Hooper of the *Times*." He could not have made a better choice, for Hooper is as good a journalist as he was a soldier when, as a younger man, he served in the Royal Field Artillery, and he knows exactly what to send—that is good "copy" without providing the enemy with any military information.

THE LOITERER.

He (a poet): "A penny for your thoughts."
She: "Oh, Percy, you're always talking shop."

SPORTING NOTES.

Undoubtedly my selection, Green Falcon, was very unfortunate in not winning the Cesarewitch. For the first mile he was literally tailed off, and though, after a lot of finessing through a compact field, he was able to gain second place, it is generally admitted that Mr. E. Hulton's representative should, with ordinary luck, have secured the premier position.

For the Cambridgeshire, run on Wednesday next, Jarnac II. has opened favourite, with Sun Yat second in demand; but no doubt the betting will chop and change about a lot before the day. Still, I like the chance of the first-named very much indeed, and there is no doubt he is a very genuine candidate. It is difficult to say which of Mr. J. B. Joel's trio will represent him, but his best will want a lot of beating. Roseworthy has not shown very great form this season, but in the race under notice he has a fine chance of recompensing for past failures, and I certainly advise keeping him on the right side. Santair, taking his running in the Heath Handicap at the last meeting here, does not make one over-sanguine as to his chance, although his connections fancy him considerably. Outram I hear good accounts of, and quite expect him to be on the premises. Bonbon Rose continues to improve in the way he gallops, and there are more unlikely things than his being victorious; that he will win a race of some kind before the season closes I fully believe. Waiontha I do not think will run, as the going has been too hard to give her a proper preparation. Polygamist made a good show in the Cesarewitch for the first mile and a quarter, and may run more prominently for this shorter distance. Diadumenos was close up, third, in the Duke of York Stakes, and must be very dangerous; but I am of opinion that

AMBASSADOR

will be worth supporting. My information about him is good. He certainly put up a smart performance when winning the Autumn Stakes at Lingfield on Saturday.

BLACKSTONE.

IN STAGELAND.

I had not known that the late Robert Buchanan—that fine fighter and mordant wit to whom is attributed the biting remark that "there are plenty of virtuous women on the English stage, but only half-a-dozen actresses"—left behind him a playlet called "Trafalgar." (But p'raps it is another Robert.) Herbert Sleath is giving a Buchanan drama with this title at the Palladium, in view of the imminence of Trafalgar Day. In it the principal characters are Nelson and Hardy, and it is received with the utmost favour.

There is a sort of analogy between the Comedy and Vaudeville Theatres. Each is owned by a management that more often than not put on other people's shows, each goes in for a great diversity of entertainment, and each has experienced numerous vicissitudes of fortune. At Messrs. Gatti's house we now have Temple Thurston's "The Cost," described as a play of the moment. Well, it is *that*, I suppose, for at times the dialogue sounds like nothing so much as a running commentary upon the happenings, calamities, and "cost" of the war. Certainly it doesn't make one feel very happy, with its selfish types, and its intimate glimpses of the Woodhouse ménage—there are no fewer than nine "Woodhouses" in the cast—in time of crisis. There is any amount of good acting. Frederick Ross as the self-satisfied old father could hardly be better, and Owen Nares, too, is admirable in the not too convincing rôle of the philosophic John, whose enlistment and serious wounding put a period to his philosophy. Miss Barbara Everest may well be complimented on her efforts to make John's young wife a plausible figure, and Miss Mary Rorke's earnest method gets some scope in the old lady's part. But Mr. Thurston still lacks "sense of the theatre," and a fellow-critic not inaptly sums up his earnest work as "too momentary to be momentous."

It is fairly reasonable to assume that if there had been no "Jekyll and Hyde" there would have been no "Double Mystery"—as Mr. José Levey titles the "frightfully thrilling" drama which he has adapted for Mr. Bourchier from the French of De Gorsse and Forest. For Judge Hallers is a dual personality, a respected and respectable citizen by day, and a criminal by night. Thus in his judicial capacity he sentences Boucha La Rouge (Miss Violet Vanbrugh), and in his criminal capacity makes love to her. Mr. Bourchier works wonderfully hard to make the Judge plausible, and there are also some moving moments for Miss Vanbrugh. The play has a not unpicturesque Swiss setting, and the number of lesser characters is bewilderingly large—a score of them in all, of whom A. E. George is most excellent.

It is difficult to write in any but terms of unqualified enthusiasm of Sir G. Alexander's revival of Pinero's "House in Order." After eight years it does not seem a day older, and Sir George himself, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and, indeed, almost everyone concerned contributed towards a notable artistic triumph.

The Ambassadors' Theatre has been re-opened by Mr. Cochran with an exceedingly mixed bill. The main item is a revue, title "Odds and Ends," wherein the ever-delightful Max Dearly figures with distinction, though it can scarcely be designated his line of country. The music is by Edward Jones, and some of it is tuneful. Other artists prominent in the revue are Alice Delysia (who looks very lovely), Jeanne Saint-Bonnet, and Betty Balfour. Max Dearly is at his very best, however, in Meilhac and Halévy's "L'Ingenue," which is another item in this triple-bill entertainment; but the less said about "From Louvain" the better, save that I shall hope to see Miss Esmé Beringer soon in something better written and less grotesquely painful.

One of the most delightful performances in London just now is that of fascinating Marie Lohr in "The Little Minister" at the Duke of York's, which play, by the way, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its present reincarnation last Saturday.

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"Pa, what's a sphere of influence?"

"I used to know," said Mr. Henpeck, "but it's so long since I've had any experience with one that I'm blessed if I haven't forgotten just what it is. Ask your mother."

* * *

ON THE UNDERGROUND.

Guard (in "non-smoker"): "No smoking here!"

Passenger (who has a lighted cigar in his hand): "I'm not smoking."

Guard: "But the cigar is."

Passenger: "Well, I can't help that. It's a strong cigar, and it does what it pleases."

Guard: "Well, you can take your choice. Either you or the cigar will have to be put out."

* * *

THE OLD STORY.

"And how did you get to know your husband"

"It was during a thunderstorm, and I sought shelter under a tree. . . ."

"The old story . . . every child knows how dangerous that is."

* * *

IN THE NORTH.

First Sporting Girl: "Yes, one can have lots of fun on the moors."

Second Sporting Girl (dreamily): "So can two."

* * *

War atrocities are not confined to the eastern hemisphere. At least two newspapers in New York have been guilty of spelling Kaiser with a lower case k.—*Puck.*

* * *

SYMPATHY.

Old Gentleman (who has just finished reading an account of a shipwreck with loss of passengers and all hands): Ha! I am sorry for the poor sailors that were drowned!

Old Lady: Sailors! It isn't the sailors; it's the passengers I am sorry for. The sailors are used to it.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

* * *

GOOD ADVICE.

Mrs. Styles: But, William, I can't keep my eyes shut to such a rumour as that!

Mr. Styles: I don't ask you to, dear. Only try to keep your mouth shut.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

CONSERVATISM.

Customer: None o' yer gaudy colours for *me*! Give me plain red an' yaller!

—Puck.

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